

Dear Richard

10/31/93

As I was about to retire last night I was phoned by an out-of-town friend to tell me some of what is in Livingstone's attack of a book. It did not help me sleep well. Having been sent proofs with no prior notice that are wanted back soon, slowly as I now read I've been working on them almost exclusively, letting mail accumulate. I take a little time from that for this. Then, after I've finished with the proofs, I'll return to a preface, the rush ^{ed} one being intended just to give an idea of what the book will say, and then I'll return to the earlier chapters that will probably be reduced to a single one, *and changed much.*

I do not know all that this mentally ill man who ought not be published at all says, that being the nature of his illness, nor do I know all he maligns to make himself look both better and important, but when there is no concern for whether or not people are damaged unjustly, only whether it is actionable under the libel laws, of whether ^{they} they are in a position to use ^{them} if actionable, I suppose that it will be bad.

I was not fired by Senator Robert H. LaFollette, Jr, in 1939. I was not on his or his committee's payroll so he could not fire me. All he could do is return me to the job I had from which I had been detailed to his committee. And I leaked nothing and had nothing to leak.

For other reasons, until Posner's book appeared, I had been writing about that and about other events in my now fairly long life in the sense of those experiences as learning experiences, how did I learn to do what I have done when it is not taught in colleges and universities. I hope I'll have time to return to that writing.

LaFollette was not his father's son. Nor was his brother Phil. Robert was, all in all, the worst employer I ever had. I was, briefly, on the payroll of the committee he chaired. He also had virtually nothing to do with preparing the hearings. I had never met him when I prepared what was called "the brief" for the very first hearing. I was then the mature age of 22. All he had to do was read ^{my} the questions typed and stapled into the right ^{to} side of a file folder and he had the exhibits, in order, paperclipped ^{to} the left side. It was a successful hearing, got the committee off to a good start.

Soon, because of my reporting experience and because in high school I had edited the paper that won Columbia School of Journalism's All-America Honor Rating, I was made the committee's editor. I published the hearings and the reports. Before long, although the youngest editor on the Hill, I had the reputation of being the best. I worked hours hard to believe seeking perfection. When reports came out there were several times I worked as many as five days and nights without going home to have ^(see p. 11) a perfect report. And when he issued it formally, without his having to do a thing other than read the typed copies, I had a copy of those reports on each Senator's desk on the floor of the Senate before those sessions began.

When I was loaned to the Department of Justice to help in its "Bloody Harlan County"

case, then a sensational prosecution, although I kept editing the hearings down in Kentucky, I got a little behind the ^(disposal them) polling schedule I'd kept but those books were coming out more rapidly than most. Lil, who had gone to work for the committee, warned me that careerists who wanted the committee's life to end were trying to get me fired, one to take my job. When I returned from Kentucky I was almost caught up and the quality of the work was what it had been. LaFollette, however, was anxious for the committee's life to end. He had ~~gotten~~ gotten all the political benefit he thought he would get from those hearings and he feared continuing it would cost him corporation political contributions. Those on the staff who were careerists, who wanted only that committee work to go on job applications and wanted to move to those better jobs, also wanted the committee to end. But there were ~~the~~ plans of one more set of hearings. The question was would the committee be continued in the next session for those hearings.

In those days before xeroxing it was the practise to get the ^{Government} Printing Office to pull extra galley proofs to use instead of paying the court reporters for extra stenographic typescripts. Once the public hearings were held- and they were all public- they were reported. But some reporters wanted to write other articles and scholars as well as just ordinary citizens wanted to see them. I always had extra proofs for that and people just walked into my office and read them, as they did with all committees. Among those to whom I mailed proofs was Isadore Stone, then on the New York Post. That was before he changed his name to I.F. Stone and moved to Washington. There were others. Among those who came to my office and read them regularly was Hugo Black's sister-in-law, who became a friend and who just recently celebrated her 90th birthday.

One day one of my superiors on the committee sent a reporter who was a friend of mine to look at one particular set of proofs of volumes of hearings then being made into books. The man was a friend. He and his wife and Lil and I would often bowl together on a weekend night if I did not have to work. If he had come in himself I'd have shown him the proofs and he would have made notes on whatever he wanted. But he was sent to me for a specific set of proofs. He was the Washington correspondent of a labor news service, Federated Press. Most of its clients were unions. His story went to all Federated Press's papers, one of which was the Communist Daily Worker. And his story was an accurate ^{reflection} reflection of the public record. ~~REALLY~~ It was ghastly and I remember it well.

There was then an virulently anti-labor branch of the National Association of Manufacturers that ~~met~~ met in New York City in secret. It was known as I now recall as "The Special Conference Committee." You and most others are too young to remember how bloody anti-^{un/ on} activities then were and to degree to which they were that bloody, sometimes murderous, because the corporations made it that way. Not infrequently also racist, as what you may have heard of, the murders at the Sojourner Truth housing project in Detroit. I have bound sets of all those hearings. Well, a General Motors vice president, Harry Anderson, had said at one of these Conference sessions that the others should

get ~~themselves~~ themselves what GM had, a "Black Legion." That gang of GM thugs had been ~~pr~~ pretty violent and caused several murders, to discourage union activities and to discourage or eliminate leaders.

That was what Henry Zon ~~not~~ wrote about. It was accurate, it was the public record, that hearing having been held, and that exhibit was one all the reporters had missed. Among the papers that carried it was the Daily Worker. So did at least some three-dozen other papers.

The NAACP bigshots were very embarrassed. They got some of the larger corporations in Wisconsin to complain to LaFollette. He never spoke to me about it. He just used me as a goat and told them he'd fired me. There was, by the way, no public attention to that, no release or anything like that. That would have embarrassed LaF. Who wanted to get rid of me for other reasons, anyway.

But this was public information. I never had any other kind. The committee had no classified records, no authority to classify, either. And there was no leak of any kind. The printing must have been just about completed because those volumes are in the buckram set I can look up and see right now. Otherwise I would not have had them. I did not have had the authority at the Government ~~Printing~~ Printing Office to get myself those buckram bindings I had placed on the Senators' sets. (And what stories there are in them!)

The hearings LaFollette did not want the committee continued to hold were on the conditions of migratory workers in California. No, not Chicanos then. Oh, I forgot. There then was only one other member of that committee, a fine, scholarly Mormon blessed with five daughters, Elbert Thomas, of Utah. After he heard what had happened to me he sent for me and told he he would be glad to recommend me to any future employer.

The migratory agricultural workers then were Okla^{and}phma ~~de~~ Arkansas farmers, mostly from those two states, ruined by the dust storms that then were so terrible I could see the red in the sky in Newark, Delaware, when I was at the university then.

I was one of the ~~two~~ two who overtly lobbied for the committee's continuance to hold those hearings. Eleanor Roosevelt was among those with a great interest in that. How we managed to do it is another story but it was John L. Lewis's chief lobbyist, Gardner (Pat) Jackson and I who did it. LaFollette hated me for that.

He was not like his father politically. He ~~had~~ had his brother formed their own party and it was widely regarded as fascistic. That is what gave us Joe McCarthy. I mean this literally. He took LaF's seat. LaF later killed himself. First he had some lurid stories about reds on his committee. I was not among those he named and I never was ^{anything} other than a registered Democrat who almost always ~~split~~ split by ticket.

So, not only was I innocent, having done nothing wrong, nothing but ^{what} I was supposed to do on my job, if you or ~~anyone~~ anyone else believes that lobbying for that set ~~of~~ of hearings was a wrong thing for me to do, stop and think of ^{what} you read or saw in the movie, The Grapes of Wrath.

Not only could LaF. not fire me, I remained at the committee for months, doing nothing. I was actually the administrative ~~asst~~ assistant to the Administrator of the Farm Security Administration. I had that job to return to. But I did not want to. I wanted to return to writing. I had years of overtime coming, all unpaid then, and I was not returned to the ~~FSA~~ FSA by the committee for some months, to keep me on a payroll while I looked around.

Not long thereafter the man who was then the committee's general counsel, George McNulty, when he headed the Criminal Division at Justice and knew the truth about me, made it possible for me to get out of Chile, with the help of another friend then high in State, when I was the Washington correspondent of what was then the third largest picture magazine, after LIFE and LOOK, Click, to get out of Chile what FDR later used ~~in~~ in one of his famous radio "fireside chats" and I have the CIS's records on that, inherited from a predecessor agency where Jimmy Roosevelt, to whom I gave them, then worked. It was the plans for a Nazi ~~putsch~~ putsch in Chile. The pro-Nazi Spanish Falange controlled the post office. State brought those 35mm cans up in the ~~pouch~~ pouch and gave them to my friend at Justice who had them printed, with the FBI getting prints, and gave them to me. So much for my subversion Harry then gets to, I'm told. *See on 11*

At Click I did a sensational series of investigative reporting jobs on Nazi cartels and their pre-Pearl Harbor interference with defense preparations. I think each and every one of them was praised on the floor of the House, one in the Senate. The second in that series, on plexiglas, was praised enormously, from the White House, several cabinet members, including what they was known as "War" and even by J. Edgar Hoover.

That was what led General Donovan to have waiting for me when the Army sent me to the OSS, a special job that made me the small-circle reputation I thereafter had at the OSS. It was a job on which he believed his lawyers had failed. And did he have lawyers! One, Arthur Goldberg, was later a Supreme Court Justice. Another, a non-relative Donovan, later handled such negotiations as bringing back the Bay of Pigs prisoners and the ~~U-2~~ U-2 pilot, Francis Gary Powers. But Donovan, a very conservative man with the traditional feeling of responsibility for those under him, believed that a ~~detail~~ detail of men who had volunteered for a very dangerous parachute drop behind Nazi lines in France had been framed after they got into a fight with the Washington MPs. All appeals had failed and they were serving time. Six weeks after my security was cleared and I got the job, they were freed.

That almost got Whitewash published by McKay in 1965. When he heard my name as I gave it to the receptionist the man then the managing editor there, asked to have me ~~sent~~ sent in. He was Howard Gady, entirely unknown to me. He asked me, "Are you the Harold Weisberg of the 'Paris' case?" "How do you know about that?" I asked him. He said that he was in the OSS headquarters and everyone there knew about it. Paris was the

name of the sergeant in charge of that detail. ^{Cady} ~~He~~ went for Whitewash and Mrs. Rawson, he told me a week later, nixed it.

I took all those Nazi cartel stories to the Justice Anti-Trust Division, then headed by Thurman Arnold. This was later important to me. I cannot say there was a cause-effect relationship but a number of those stories were followed by those corporations being taken over as alien property. Two that I remember ~~were~~ were on the plexiglas deal, Rohm & Haas, and the drug house Schering.

I was in the part of OSI that was transferred to ~~the~~ State. I was never a spook. I was an analyst. But after that ~~XXXXX~~ job I did on the Paris case I was used as a trouble-shooter. But that was investigating, not spooking.

At the time those ^{in State Security} who amounted to native nazis went after those known as "old China hands" in State, they also went after those the ultra-reactionaries, they were ~~who~~ ^{who} were at all in their suspicions liberal. Liberal to them meant other than reactionary. The one I know was involved was a young and very wild man named John Peurifoy. I believe that his boss, later a public villain for leaking false and prejudicial information about people in State to the McCarthys on the Hill, Otto Otepka, was also involved. But I have the FBI record in which Peurifoy phoned Hoover to brag that he'd gotten me fired.

It was a real pogrom. I'm told that Harry has this in his book. There were ten, supposedly all Jews but one ^{was} ~~a case~~ ^{we were} ~~is~~ mistaken identity, all fired at the same time under the ~~McCarran~~ Rider that was declared unconstitutional when it got to the Supreme Court - fired for no reason at all and that was what that Rider provided for. Four of us, all Jews, were in the Latin American ~~Division~~ Division. Two were anthropologists, Margaret Mead's proteges, and the other an eminent professor.

I had no charges, no hearing, no appeal. I was just fired. I got the four of us together, we agreed to ~~fight~~ fight back, and I got the firm then Arnold Fortas and Poster to represent us, pro bono. I did not then know Fortas but I had known Paul Porter after he went into private practice from being a Federal Communications Commissioner. They got us ~~re~~ rehired, with a public apology, and we then all resigned.

My pre-Pearl Harbor ~~xxx~~ writing also included exposing native nazis. That got me to be friends with the head of the Anti-Defamation League's Washington office, Rabbi Paul Richman. Because we were all Jews the ADL got interested. Paul told me that some in Congress who were really native nazis, headed by and working under a farright GOP from upstate New York, Taber, had blackmailed George Marshall, then Secretary State. They would hold appropriations up or deny them if he did not fire us. I remember the name of the man Paul told me headed this under Taber, Paul used to refer to me as a "one-man ADL." ^{Harold Barger}

I was also told that Harry has something about me and the ^{then} Attorney's General's "subversive" list of organizations. I was never, as best I can now recall, a member of

anything but the Boy Scouts, then of the American Newspaper Guild, then of the standard government-employees' unions, then when I was a volunteer fireman of that fire company, and then of agricultural cooperatives, two of them. I was never a member of anything on that anti-American listing.

I was also told that he has something about an alleged "Hunt connection," referring to H.L.Hunt. That I know about from Harry and months before he turned his ma. in I told him the truth, in writing. That stuff, with which he in his letters connects me with his imagined conspiracy to killed JFK and his second imagined conspiracy, to keep him from "breaking the case wide open," is fictional and was clearly fed to him by vengeance-seeking Paul M. Rothermel, Jr., who had been Hunt's chief of security and was, with several others, forced by the Hunt sons as thieves. Another who probably spoke to Harry for the same vengeance-seeking was, as I now recall after all those years, named Carrington.

From the way Harry spoke and wrote to me he seems to have taken from them the nonsense of the fake French CIA book retitled at Garrison's suggestion from the French, "L'Amerique Brule," or "American Burns," to "Farewell America." It has almost two pages on the assassination, that is how much it was an assassination book. It may be the most libellous book ever written. It could not even be imported into the US ^{after} ~~since~~ it was printed in English, I think in Belgium or ~~in~~ ^{at} ~~Kichenstein~~ ^{Kichenstein}. I have a large file on it. Garrison had endorsed the book and was about to endorse a movie based on it when I broke that up. So, I knew the spook in charge of that project.

Louis Ivon, Garrison's chief investigator, asked me to get a copy of the manuscript to H.L.Hunt. He did not want to figure in it in any way that could be believed to be officially. I phoned Rothermel. He asked me to bring it. He told me he'd have a ticket waiting for me at the airport, that car would meet me, with or without him, at the statue of the Texas ranger at Love field, and that they would have a hotel room for me. I accepted the ticket only, that Ivon would have paid for if he had not. And I needed no hotel room because I was also going to help a British reporter whose photographer was a good friend. The British paper paid my expenses. That is how I met Rothermel. He introduced me to H.L. Hunt, who thanked me. The book has him one of the JFK assassination conspirators. So, it seems, although Harry knew the truth from me he connects ^{me with} ~~as~~ this ^{to} ~~was~~ with the assassination.

The only other connection of any kind I ever had was when Rothermel would phone me and ask me what I knew about groups he suspected when they sought money from the old man. He feared that they'd used Hunt money for acts of violence. I did ~~not~~ know about some of them and what I told Paul enabled him to persuade the old man that giving them any ~~of~~ money could be hurtful to him.

After I began to get Dallas FBI records in C.A. 78-0322 I got some that made Rothermel

out to be a real stinker. When I gave him the Farewell America manuscript I also gave him one of the Garrison charts of the assassination drawn up by him and a strange man he had working for him who used the name "Bill Boxley." That chart was all Rothermel needed to know about Boxley, who had been to see him several times. It has H.L. Hunt as one of the assassination conspirators.

So, if Harry has this Texas conspiracy in his book, he was used by Rothermel et al for vengeance with their retailing of the concoction of the French SDECE.

I suppose that Rothermel gave that chart to the Dallas FBI saying it was my chart when he knew it was not and that I believed it was ridiculous, was his way of repaying it for favors or in preparation for favors he would ask. He is a former FBI special agent.

Rothermel beat the thievery rap by catching an amateur wire tapper hired by the Hunt brothers to get information on those they suspected. They actually ^{bribe} ~~hid~~ Percy Foreman to represent that kid and to throw the case and get him convicted. He learned that and got the proof by accident, when they got him a night-watchman's job to keep him quiet and he found the records on the desk of his employer and stole them. I have copies given to me by the lawyer who next represented them. He looked me up in

Memphis during the ~~late~~ Ray evidentiary hearings. He gave me those copies and when he forgot to retrieve his Samsonite attached case that he had to leave with the police outside the hearing room, he phoned me from Texas, told me to get it and keep it, and I still have it.

The name of the Taber honcho on that State dirty business was Harold Barger.

Peurifoy, as ambassador to Guatemala, was part of the CIA's overthrow of its democratically elected government. Peurifoy was so wild he killed himself in a one-car auto accident down there. But the military dictatorship that is still not really out of power was responsible for an enormous number of murders, something like 50,000 when I last heard of it. And the flight of so many of the better-educated Guatemalans to mostly Mexico.

Of what I remember being told last night about what Harry's book says about me, this is the truth that nobody, not Harry and not anyone else, never asked me about before publication. Except that I did tell him the ~~truth~~ truth about that non-existing Hunt connections and Farewell America. His response on the latter was what difference does that make, that the French CIA did a fake book on the assassination, they told the truth anyway. He did write me that, as I recall.

Oh, yes, he has me somehow dominating a long list of critics in the sense of against him. I did not write the names, or anything else I was told, down. But most of them are those with whom I do not agree and there is not one with whom I did not have some disagreement with. If I had wanted to dominate them I could not have. I have never

^{had} that kind of connection with any of them and if he does not know that is all false he should be institutionalized. ^{He} in fact knows of my disagreement with most of them as he knows I disagree with him, yet he has had free and unsupervised access to all I have. He used that through a ^{Baltimore} ~~cop~~ he employed to have me robbed of only-copies the cop later sold to Dave Lifton.

No matter how absolutely crazy any of Harry's innumerable crazy ideas are, when he had to face the reality he does that by inventing a conspiracy against him. And ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~beach~~ behavior with me has been so bad that three times I've told him not to return again or write or phone me. In writing, by the way. I never said anything publicly about his published trash, I refused to when asked by his home-town paper, and the only reason I let him in when he came here ^{despite} ~~despite~~ my telling him not to is because even if he had just pushed me that could have killed me.

When he kept pressing me for an opinion on his first book I asked him a question he cannot answer instead of going into all that I could ~~have~~ have. Why would anyone go to all the risk of faking the autopsy film only to evolve film that disproves the official story the faking of the film was intended to protect?

The closest thing to an answer I ever got is that he said he could not understand what I wrote. (Not that he did not use any of it!) I remember sending Kent Carroll a xerox of that page or those pages of Post Mortem so he could understand what Harry was doing, before publication. The same with his second book. That one hinges on his imagined blowing of the back of JFK's head out. When he was beginning work on this book he phoned and lied to me, telling me he was working on a TV special with someone in New York. He told me he was going to the Archives to study the Zapruder film. Imagine the seriousness of his work when he published two books without ever doing that. What should he look for in that film? I told him he would not like what I'd tell him. But he wanted to know. So I told him to study the frames the Commission was to have printed and did not begin with as I now recall 334. I told him he would see the back of the head is not blown out but is intact. He phoned me three weeks later to tell me I was right, that he had been wrong, and he was glad to know the truth.

That seems to mark the ~~beginning~~ ^{beginning} of his belief that the Zapruder film, too, was doctored. All is a conspiracy against him, so it was doctored to make him wrong. He did discuss this imaginary faking with me and I detailed to him how that was impossible. That seems to be the beginning of his insanity about me conspiring against him that he magnified into the conspiracy he imagined against him that he imagines I led and lead. With those with whom I have no ^{contact} ~~contact~~ to a few with whom I have slight contact.

And with all of whom I disagree!

I suppose there is more and there may be more of which I was told and do not remember.

By the way, I offered Kent Carroll a color picture of the back of the head to show him that it is intact. I sent him a xerox that did not pick the colors up but show a

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solid density, one that does not change, at that point.

What purpose does all of this serve? Why does Harry malign all others working in the same field, if what he and most of those others do can be called legitimate work?

He maligns all others so that he will appear to be the only one doing any real work. His immediate benefit is in sales of his book, or money for him. Then he seeks to have the reputation he can't have except among the ignorant or those as sick in the head as he is because there is nothing at all to all his work, not a single blessed fact of any real significance.

I am sure that, sick as he is, he really does believe that what he has done is of real significance and he really does believe he is entitled to what he regards as a position of pre-eminence in the work in his own mind and that of his clique who are as ignorant of the established fact as he is. Witness the two illustrations above, on his imagined film fakery and the back of his head being blown out.

But sick or not he uses his book to ~~denigrate~~ ^{munt} others for his personal benefit and for that of his book. He knew ^{some} of what he says about me is not true and he never bothered to seek the truth about the rest. It is, of course, possible to do great harm without libel, and for his self-aggrandizement as he sees that he did just that with me. What he did about others I do not know. I presume that as published it is not technically libel although it is intended for the purpose that is the same.

At my age and in my condition there is nothing I can do if I wanted to spend any of the time that remains to me doing anything.

Carroll told or rather sent Harry what I wrote him in letting ^{him} know well in advance of publication that while I would take no ^{defend} nitia initiatives I would defend my reputation and that of my work if questioned about it. He sent that to Harry and Harry wrote me a diatribe denouncing me for not knowing what his book says. I sent Carroll a xerox of that very page from Harry's book. He really is that sick. Two weeks ago he told someone he does not know is a good friend of mine how unhappy he is that so much about me was removed from the book. I can only wonder how monstrous that was when this is what is found to be publishable without minimal checking.

I have had no calls from the press. I'll not waste the little time I have starting that. But I will, if I have to, defend myself, as I told Carroll.

I did have one other call, from a bookstore owner who knows me. He said he liked a line in which Harry refers to my having been in the OSS in which he ends, "and we all know what that was." Harry doesn't. He never asked me what I did there. But my instant, unthinking response was "Like Sterling Hayden?" Then I recalled and said, "Or Like Eero Saarinen?" He was in the same shop I was in. Hayden was an authentic hero with the Yugoslav partisans. There are many others I could name. Like a friend who was later manager of the National Symphony. Or some famous artists. That Supreme Court Justice.

From the bile of his brain and the profundity of his ignorance he condemns anti-

Nazi- and anti-Togo work. That is what he did, *and it was wartime, survival work, too!*

I mentioned about a special job I had for the White House when counter-intelligence failed. It ~~bought~~ ^{ced} that job to me. I succeeded and as a result a dozen cargo vessels of Scandinavian ownership but ^{actually} ~~apparently~~ working for Hitler were ~~Not~~ returned to the ~~XXXX~~ owner of record who was threatening to go to court to get them or pay for them. This is to say that one thing I did kept Hitler from having a dozen cargo ships when he needed them so badly. So, ~~do~~ we "all," Harry in particular, "know what that really is" when he writes about the OSS.

Or about me in it.

I have heard from none of the others Harry ~~maligns~~. He did tell my friend two weeks ago that his "books are on the trucks," so I then took that to mean in distribution. I ~~certainly~~ hope that given the state of her health and that of her husband he does not have that utter insanity about ~~the~~ ^{Mary} Ferrell's in it.

I do, of course, regret very much that at this stage in my life I ~~am~~ ^{find} myself maligned and misrepresented ~~extremely~~ entirely, including as the head of a conspiracy against Harry, a conspiracy that does not exist except in his sick mind, when as a practical matter it is impossible to do anything about it or to remove all this evil from all those copies and all those minds that will have it or as a matter of record for the future. But the reality is, as I knew so long ago, that there really is nothing I can do about it. Not that something should not be done. But I can't do it.

Sincerely, *Hardy*

While I write this for your information, in the ~~event~~ ^e you take the time to read it, and to have on file, for archival purposes, for the future, with a very fat file to go along with it, feel free to show it to anyone at all.

It was 4:15 a.m. when I finished this. I tried to return to sleep but am too wide awake. I recalled two other of Harry's misrepresentations and they are, ignorant as he is, interrelated. One is that I wrecked Garrison's investigation from the ~~inside~~. That, even for Harry, is a strange way of saying that ^{when his stuff} ~~when his stuff~~ failed and asked me to try to do ^{what} ~~what~~ they had failed to do, keep him from charging, ^{two assassins} ~~to~~ commemorate the fifth assassination anniversary, I did that. He was going to charge ^{two} ~~two~~ men, with not ~~even~~ evidence of any kind, with ~~bring~~ ^{bring} assassins on the grassy knoll. One to Garrison's own knowledge had killed himself in New Orleans, the year before the assassination. And ^{which also had not a thing to do with} that had nothing at all to do with the fiasco of his non-case against Clay Shaw. The other Harry sickness is that I almost wrecked Stone's movie at the beginning by leaking his script. I leaked nothing. I cannot even remember asking for anonymity. I wrote Stone two months earlier, including the ^{about} ~~about~~ story about Garrison, and when he did not respond after I was given a copy of the script I gave that and access to all my records

of ~~the~~ that Garrison insanity to George Hardner, of the Washington Post. His story has no secret sources, I am identified by name in it, and only an ignoramus who preserves that condition could write so about it.

My clear purpose was to make a record for history and that I did. The Stone movie is not as he said, non-fiction, and Garrison was not as Stone represented, a hero.

My files had my carbon of the lengthy report I gave ~~one~~ of Garrison's assistant Das, who had asked me to do what I did to save Garrison from the consequences of what he was about to do, with the documentation, and of all that relates to the Hardner story as well as the story itself, which makes it clear that either Harry did not read ~~the~~ ^{that} story or paid no attention to it. With him both are likely.

- * From page 1: what may amuse you comes to mind in how I kept going those incredible hours, nodding at my old rolltop desk, washing in the mens' room late at night, shaving with my electric razor when nobody was around. One means was to nip bonded bourbon for the temporary lift, and then to nip again. Once when in the wee hours I had to do some checking in the file room two blocks away but in the same building I was shuffling my way there ~~in~~ with a sack of proofs under my arm, that fist full of pencils, and a fancy Senate beaker of bourbon in my right hand when, atypically, the committee's administrative head was leaving ^{late} and saw me. He asked what I had in the glass, I told him. "Don't you know that's against the law?" he asked me. "Maybe," I told him, knowing full well the boozing that went on in that building, "but it's sure as hell is good for the constitution and if you want that report out on time you'll see I don't run out." But I did notice that the bottles emptied a bit faster than I nipped. And that is all I did. One early morning after I'd left I had to return for something and I found a black janitor who was also a preacher in my bottle. "Reverend Evans," I told him, "you are hitting it too hard. Ease off and it is OK. Don't and I'll have to report it." So, I never got caught short and ran out.
- ** The point I intended making is that if there had been the slightest possibility I would leak anything nobody would have done for me (as it turned out also for the country) what could backfire on them. McNulty knew me and the truth.